

# The Evening World.

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## A MEMORY.

IN the course of a vigorous attack upon the unit rule at the pre-convention conference of Democratic delegates at Albany, former Justice Samuel Seabury delivered straight into the ear of Charles F. Murphy words that must have revived for the Tammany Boss a vivid and painful memory of eight years ago.

It began on a June evening in Baltimore—1912. The convention band had been playing the dreamy strains of "The Rosary" and the "Meditation" from "Thais," when William Jennings Bryan rose in a crowded convention hall and in one of the most exhorting speeches ever heard in a political gathering told the bitter truth about Mr. Murphy and Mr. Murphy's pocket delegation from New York. It was a thunderbolt.

The echoes of it never ceased reverberating at Baltimore until Woodrow Wilson received the 990 votes that gave him the Democratic nomination for President, and Charles F. Murphy went back to New York the worst defeated and discredited boss that ever slunk out of a National Convention.

The country has not forgotten. Neither, we think, has Mr. Murphy.

## ANDERSON, THE UNSELFISH.

INCLINING a more acquiescent ear to Anti-Saloon League pleadings that he run as an independent candidate for the United States Senate on an anything-but-Wadsworth platform, Prohibition Boss Anderson declares:

"I prefer my present job to any political office, and I should not for a moment seriously entertain any proposition which involved even the remotest possibility of election."

This will raise the hopes of thousands of New York voters who are eager to see this Anti-Saloon League head a candidate for any office in this commonwealth, from Governor to constable.

On his own showing, however, Anderson ought to be content with nothing less than the Republican nomination for Governor.

The result in that case should be supremely satisfying.

## A PURIFICATION COMMITTEE.

SENATOR BORAH seems in deadly earnest in his effort to investigate the "contesting delegations" from the South.

To get the facts he proposes that the investigators sit at Chicago during the convention and quiz the rival delegates and managers on the spot and before the deed is consummated.

Such a committee as Borah recommends would virtually be a referee on the Committee of Credentials of the Convention. Had such a committee been in existence in 1912 the political history of the United States might very possibly have run in very different channels.

Such a committee, if it had the confidence of the public, could have quashed many of the cries of "burglary." It might even have affected the action of the steam-roller. There might have been no Bull Moose bolt and the Old Guard might have been swept out of power in the Republican Party on the strength of the real progressive sentiment then in the ascendant.

As matters stand, however, it is a serious question whether any committee which is apt to be chosen will have either the will or the power to purify the perennial Southern delegate scandal in the Republican ranks.

Public confidence in such a committee will not be increased if it is selected in the normal manner—that is, through appointment of a sub-committee by the Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The Chairman of this committee is Senator Dillingham of Vermont, one of the staunch and dependable musketeers of the Old Guard.

## "THE SECOND LINE."

THE second line of defense is the way in which a committee of New Jersey educators describes the army of school teachers in an enlistment appeal to New Jersey high school graduates.

It is an apt and truthful statement. A vigorous campaign for normal school students is now in order.

For the last year the need for emphasis in school affairs was to secure salaries which would reward the teachers and the trained teachers in the ranks of this army of democracy that fights in the school house.

That battle has been won in New York State. Teacher salaries now are generally adequate, as the result of educating the public to the need.

Now the emphasis should go to enlisting new teachers. With the new salary schedule, teaching has again become a desirable field of endeavor with a future. Now that the public has been educated, there is every reason to expect that teachers' salaries will continue to be attractive.

No young man or woman should enter the teaching profession looking no further than the salary. Such will not succeed. But it is fortunate that those

interested in education need no longer hesitate because teaching involves too severe a financial sacrifice.

## CONDITION, NOT THEORY.

THE EVENING WORLD holds no brief for the truckmen who have been refusing to move goods handled by non-union stevedores and freight-handlers. Their tactics have been unjustifiable and merit severe public condemnation.

This is not an instance where the sympathetic boycott is justifiable, if it ever is.

But William Fellowes Morgan and his associates are making a serious mistake in the tactics of their opposition. Such action as they propose would merit and receive public approval after they had made sincere and liberal-minded efforts to settle the dispute amicably and by negotiation.

Whatever their intention, their announcements have been phrased so unfortunately and in such truculent tone that they are interpreted as an opening gun in a campaign against union labor in New York.

The replies of the truckmen are no less truculent, and the scene appears to be set for a fight unless some moderating influence makes itself felt.

Of all times this would seem about the least desirable to stir up industrial strife. If the commercial bodies wish to do the maximum of harm to the public, now is an excellent time for labor-baiting.

New York's principal need at the moment is building. A generally satisfactory settlement has been negotiated with the building trades workers.

Do Mr. Morgan and his associates imagine for an instant that the builders will not refuse to erect material hauled by non-union truckmen who appear to be bearing the first thrust of an anti-union campaign.

Mr. Morgan's organization is facing a condition, not a theory. By taking the offensive instead of exercising moderation and working for conciliation, he prejudices his appeal.

The public is no more in favor of "outlaw" capital than "outlaw" labor.

Let us have peace on the basis of mutual understanding. If there must be war, let it be after arbitration has failed.

## ALSO WHEELBARROWS.

PRESIDENT LA GUARDIA of the Board of Aldermen has come to bat with the scintillating suggestion that the Staten Island transit muddle be further complicated by the use of any municipal vehicles available.

He mentions patrol wagons, ambulances and hose carts as suitable substitutes for trolleys and buses.

By all means! Why not? A steam-roller would be able to haul a heavily loaded train of dump-wagons from one end of the island to the other in the course of a few days.

It might be possible to place steam shovels at strategic points to load passengers. Mounted policemen might speed to the ferries carrying passengers in front and behind.

If necessary, Manhattan might even dispense with its ash and garbage collection carts and let Staten Islanders ride to work in them.

If this were the general reaction from the La Guardia "soft-boiled shirt," The Evening World would have to retract all comment on the "30-Cent Yoke." It would be economical at double the price.

## REFUSED—WITH THANKS.

MME. DESCHANEL has refused the offer of the extra special millinery creation designed for her by the artists of America's wholesale hat trade.

French men milliners vote, and in a democracy those elevated to high position must consider the sensitive feelings of the voting populace.

Mme. Deschanel's refusal was most formal and most courteous—but it was a refusal.

Not even the ten paradise fins—"count 'em, ten," as the sidshow Barker is wont to remark—could prevail over the influence wielded by the outraged milliners of France.

The jealousy of the creative artist is traditional. France always has assumed superiority. French milliners have been the teachers. Their present jealousy is a tribute to American competition.

The pupil has become a master-workman, a rival to be feared.

## LIVING IN HOTELS.

(From the Milwaukee Journal.)

Ten years from now everybody will be living in hotels, predicted the American Hotel Men's Association the other day. They were reasoning of course that the present movement would go on indefinitely. But it won't. They forgot the old proverb, "When the tale of the bricks grows too long, then Moses comes."

We shouldn't be so hardy as to say that people won't be either living in hotels or all out in the country with little places of their own where they work in summer from dawn until dusk—and don't much mind it because they enjoy what they eat so much.

But the people who make the country haven't started to live in hotels yet. Soon after they start, they will lay aside every other "problem" and concentrate on getting home again.

A great many people who think they must have all kinds of service at the other end of an electric button may not get over the idea. But there are still a good many millions who haven't adopted that way of thinking. And, one might add, they are the ones whose children inherit the land.

Hotels as perfected in America are mighty fine institutions. And one of their best qualities is that they make men and women so amazingly glad and contented when they get back home.

# The Unit Rule!

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By J. H. Cassel



## FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred?

There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

### Windows or Billboards?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In building elevated cars, structural strength is sacrificed to get light. Why, then, is the I. R. T., in its propaganda for increased fares, allowed to cover four entire panes in each car with posters? Of course, accumulated dirt has made the windows almost opaque but they were intended to be windows, not billboards. When the corners get loose and the posters flap around the resemblance of the car to the "eight horses" kind in France is remarkable. Later the cars look like ruins, but on such does my flourish. (This last is a joke.) OSCAR.  
New York, May 7, 1920.

### The White Collar Remedy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was greatly interested in letter from Wayne about the "white collar class." As a fellow member let me say that I have little sympathy for their bemoaning their fate. If Wayne will peruse the "Situations Wanted" columns of the morning papers and see the insignificant salaries some of our specially trained members are willing to work for, I believe he will share my opinion. Accountants, N. Y. U. graduates, with from 5 to 10 years' experience, willing to work for \$1800 per annum, and yet they cry to Heaven about working cheap. They make themselves cheap.

I would become a laborer rather than work for a salary less than I think I am worth. The remedy for the white collar man is not to work at his profession unless he gets a real salary. No business can succeed without him. Let him have the courage of his convictions and not be so shamefully servile the minute he enters an employer's office. P. J. W.  
West 129th Street, May 7, 1920.

### Wake Up the Office.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read Mr. Wayne's article on a White Collar Union and I heartily agree with him. I would advise the readers of this column to send in some suggestions as to how we can arrange a meeting. Then a committee could be picked to interview the American Federation of Labor. If we can show them we mean business, the rest will be easy. Believe me, Wayne, you woke up some of our office help. Keep it up. Good work.  
TEN UPTOWN CLERKS.

### Caution Against Pickpockets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Permit me, through the People's Column, to caution patrons of the elevated against pickpockets and jewelry and hat snatchers. Many people fall prey to these wretches, who would not hesitate even to relieve a poor shop girl of her wages. They usually mingle among pas-

sengers leaving and entering trains and resort to all sorts of tactics to ply their trade. I wish the police authorities would investigate conditions on the Second Avenue line after 3 P. M. Saturdays. Hardly a train in either direction escapes the scoundrels.

Jewelry and hat snatchers will soon be doing business through open car windows. These crooks reach through an open window, grab whatever they can and hurry to the street. Locally before the victim realizes what has happened the train is again in motion. W. F.  
New York, May 6, 1920.

### The H. C. of Overalls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noticed in last week's Evening World (the protest) ad. from the Sweet-Or Company about the overall movement. They felt very bad about it and went on to tell us how it would harm the men that MUST have overalls, and that even now the supply was not plentiful. They did not explain why we must pay \$4 for the overalls that were 75 cents before the war. It does not require much brains to see that this is a prearranged excuse to boost their overalls still higher. In exposing the large overalls concerns why leave them out? Because they give you a full page ad? I hope not. M. SHERMAN.  
Local 51, Brotherhood of Painters.

### The Regular Asks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some of our bright and intellectual Senators and Congressmen let us all know why a poor ex-army or navy regular is not entitled to this proposed bonus that is in their hands? What did we all do? J. P. D.  
An Ex-Army Man.

### Mount St. Mary's Service.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read with much interest Judge Morgan J. O'Brien's recent letter in the newspapers in which he refers to the regrettable fact that Catholic educational institutions are neglected by those to whom they have a right to look for support. Judge O'Brien's reference to Mount St. Mary's College is particularly appropriate because of the fact that it was just 100 years ago that there first appeared at Mount St. Mary's an Irish lad, seeking employment where he might acquire learning. In the spring of 1820 John Hughes was employed at the college as a gardener, his compensation being board, lodging and instruction. Seven years later he was ordained a priest. In another ten years he was referred to as the "Boanerges of the American Church." Whatever Archbishop Hughes was never failed to say that he owed it all to Mount St. Mary's.

With John Hughes at college was John McCloskey, who was born on a farm in what is now a part of Brook-

## UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1920, by John Blake.)

### KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE NEXT HURDLE.

Pride in past achievement gives you confidence. But you can easily have too much of it.

Life is a good deal like a hurdle race. The next hurdle doesn't look so high when you have taken three or four like it. But it is the next hurdle, not the last one, that you must think about.

However gracefully you cleared the last one, your problem is getting over the one just ahead.

Take advantage of all the confidence you can get out of what you have done. But always remember that it is what is still to be done that is going to count.

Napoleon irritated his boasting Generals by answering their stories of battles won with the query, "And what did you do the next day?"

It is hard not to be able to bask in the light of past accomplishments. Pleasant it is to sit back after doing something difficult and admire ourselves for doing it.

But life is like a moving sidewalk. You have got to keep up with it or get off. And we are all born with an instinct that prompts us powerfully not to get off.

Keep your eye on the next hurdle. That is the hurdle that is of vital interest to you. It is the one on which you must concentrate all your courage and all your energies. For if you don't get over it you are out of the race and all the hurdles you have taken before have gone for nothing.

If you have had a little success, make it a big success. Put the hurdle up a little higher. If you have done one job well, find a tougher job and do that better.

That is what makes progress, and progress is necessary to the prosperity and happiness of every human being just as it is necessary to the prosperity and happiness of the whole human race.

There will be plenty of hurdles to take. But when you have taken one make ready for another. For success is just one hurdle after another, and the man who takes them as they come is the man who wins out.

lyn. As a boy young, McCloskey crossed the East River in a skiff of Sunday mornings that he might attend services in the church at the corner of Barclay and Church Streets, now known as St. Peter's, which was then the only Catholic Church in this section. It was Cardinal McCloskey who made possible the great growth of Catholicism in New York City.

And so Judge O'Brien is right when he says that New York is largely in the debt of Mount St. Mary's. It was that splendid college which sent here the Rev. Charles Constantine, P. S. C., who was assigned to St. Peter's and who was the first Catholic Chaplain of Congress.

One of the first and most active Bishops of New York was Bishop John Dubois, who founded Mount St. Mary's. The first Bishop of Brooklyn was John Loughlin, who, in 1824, appeared at Mount St. Mary's with his entire fortune—\$500—in his pocket. That sum was sufficient to see him through the long years of study before he was ordained.

James Roosevelt Bayley, first Bishop of Newark, was a son of Mount St.

Joseph P. Day,  
47 Liberty Street, May 6, 1920.

## TURNING THE PAGES.

By  
Otis Peabody Swift

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### Lord Fisher and America.

Lord Fisher likes America. In fact he seems delighted by all things American, according to a passage from his volume, "Memories and Records." He says:

"My very best friends are Americans. I was Admiral in North America, and saw 'American Beauties' at Bermuda. Those American roses and American women are equal! Without question they are the best dancers in the world! My only son married an American lady (which rejoiced me). . . . I had such a time in America when I went over to the wedding! I never can forget the hospitality I received and so sincere! I really might have spent three years in America (so I calculated) in paying visits earnestly desired. The reporters (twenty-five of them) asked me when I left what I thought of their country. (I tried to dodge them, but found them all in my cabin when I went on board.) I summed it all up in the one word: 'I greatly admire—Hustle!' and I got an adhesive label in America which I also loved! Great black block letters on a crimson ground—RUSH. You stick it on a letter or the back of a slow fool."

### The Books of Stevenson.

"Shakespeare has served me best," said Robert Louis Stevenson. "Few living friends have had on me an influence so strong for good as Hamlet or Rosalind. The last character, already well beloved in the reading, I had the good fortune to see. I must think, in an impressionable hour, played by Mrs. Scott Siddons. Nothing has ever moved me more delighted, more refreshed me, no man has the influence quite passed away. Ken's brief speech over the dying Lear had a great effect upon my mind, and was the burden of my reflections for long."

"Perhaps my dearest and best friend outside of Shakespeare is d'Artagnan, the elder d'Artagnan of the Vicomte de Bragelonne. Lastly I must mention the Pilgrims' Progress, a book that breathes of every beautiful and valuable emotion. A book which has a great influence on me in the 'Gospels' of Montaigne. The next book, in order of time, was the New Testament, and in particular the Gospel according to St. Matthew. I believe that it would startle and move any one if they made an effort and read it freshly as a book, not drowsingly and dully as a part of the Bible."

Such are the books that are ranked first by this true artist of the written word. Other works that follow in the essay are Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Life," "Goethe's Life," the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, Wadsworth, Thoreau, Hazlitt and Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan."

John William Rogers Jr. has gathered together all that Stevenson has said in his essays and papers on the art of writing and collected them in a volume, "Learning to Write—Suggestions and Counsel From Robert Louis Stevenson." The book, published by Scribner, is a masterpiece both to the writer who would study the art of a master of his medium, and also to the many who love and value Stevenson as a friend in letters.

### Kipling and Frank Stockton.

Kipling, like the rest of us, has puzzled over the riddle of "The Lady of The Tiger." Frank Stockton's teasing unfinished story. Once the two writers met at a London club, and Stockton announced that he was planning a trip to India. "Fine!" said Kipling. "And the first thing that I am going to do will be to lure you into taking a trip in the jungle with me. Then I shall see you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back, and have one of our largest elephants come and trample on your foot right over your forehead. And I'll say in my most insinuating tones, 'Come, now, Frank, which was it, 'The Lady of The Tiger'—Now, what would you do then?'"

"Oh, that's easy," said Stockton. "I should tell you a lie."

### The Story of Labor.

"Organized Labor in American History," by F. C. Brown, is an Appleton book which fills a real need for a short history of American labor.

### Flapper Philosophy.

A pot-boller by a twenty-four-year-old and heretofore unheard-of novelist is "This Side of Paradise," or "A Story of Flappers for Philosophers," by F. Scott Fitzgerald, recently published by Scribner.

The novel is a singularly frank and unabashed avowal of the laws governing the inner life of a young American between the ages of five and twenty-four. In the course of 300 or more pages the parabola of introspection on which the egotistic Amory Blaine is launched early in life curves through all the mental phases familiar to readers of European fiction and ends rather abruptly in the sort of courageous agnosticism employed so effectively by Voltaire.

Not that we would suggest that the writer was unduly influenced. It is in fact, the first time an American of his generation has done it at all. And beneath all the foreign influences there is a new note, a genuinely egotistical attitude toward "flappers," for instance, which seems to be the fundamental note of Amory.

Amory had a rather pleasant youth in the West, perhaps unfortunately influenced by a mother who gave him a strong distrust toward the superman and succeeded herself in figuring as an American "grande dame." He responded idealistically to his environment enough, at least, to enjoy a moment of genuineapture in hearing George Cohan sing "You're a Wonderful Girl." But the discovery of the flapper, the attempt to analyze and catalogue her, stole the complacency and upset his philosophy. The attempt to adapt himself to the American industrial machine proved another stunning rupture.

It will be interesting to read the sequel to "This Side of Paradise."

### Serbia in the War.

"From Serbia to Yugoslavia," by Gordje Jordan Stojich, with a preface by Dr. Slavko Grouitch, is a war correspondent's dramatic story of the part that Serbia played in the war. It has just been published by Putnam.